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Night in the Desert

Oh, I hear the yowl of the coyote's howl—
I smell the tang of the desert air;
The sand-dunes are high 'round the chapparal;
There's wild sage and grease-wood everywhere.
In my tent at night there's a savage yell—
'Tis th' devilish broncs going by like hell.

They're gone like a flash, or the spring's first shower;
All's wondrous still, 'cept the vibrant ground;
I lay wrapt in expectant wonderment—
I listen long for the next queer sound.
The desert wakes—'tis alive at night;
Oh, the desert moves in the white moon-light.

Just a tiny bark—wonder what this is—
A babe-like cry—let me sit and think—
'Tis a mountain cub, at the spring out there—
His highness comes late at night to drink.
There's a muffled growl as wild eyes meet—
And a challenge low, and retreating feet.

See the rim of light—'tis the silver moon—
The desert moon with its wierd, wan light;
I wonder are other mortals anear,
Camping alone on the sands tonight.
So my bare feet dance in the moon's pale glow—
There's a sheen on the sand, like the glint of snow.

In the light out there is my hearth of stone—
The full moon laughs and her vigil keeps;
The pale light melts in the rising sun—
The drowsy fire-sandalled desert sleeps;
Sleeps in the heat and hides in the shade—
This is the desert that God has made.